

not the Indian so mixed with the white race that it requires great mathematical skill to discover the exact amount of Indian blood in his veins, but the real semi-savage. They glory in their blankets and paints—and well they may, are they not living in the Land of the Free?

When worshipping the Great Spirit they leave all else aside, and in their simple way implore Him to bless their homes, papooses, and benefactors. I assure you, their respect and devotion during the services might be imitated even by our highly civilized Americans without detriment to their piety. An interpreter is occasionally had to repeat in Indian the able discourse of Fr. Isidore. We may be far above these poor Indians intellectually, but I have not the least doubt that many a prayer made by these untutored children of the plains rises with a sweeter fragrance before the great white throne than many a finely phrased devotion of our's.

The children in all number 96, coming from different tribes, *i. e.*, Comanches, Wichitas, Caddoes, Delawares, Kiowas, and Apaches.

Twenty-four children of the famous Geronimo's band are with the Sisters. Several children of the noted chief are among them. The story of this brave is too well known to need comment. The parents of the Apaches' children live at Fort Sill, about thirty miles from Anadarko, and their offsprings are very docile and industrious scholars—in fact they give great satisfaction.

The Sisters are seven in number, seemingly a very inadequate supply of teachers for such a large boarding school. But our Lord is their helper and protector, and all is accomplished. To be sure, play-time is not their's,—dreaming is a luxury unknown to them. Let those critics who think the life of these angels of peace is one of prayer and play, visit a mission in the Territory, and I assure you their ideas will

change. If they do not return home lost in admiration of the *true* Christian spirit manifested—then I say they are incapable of feeling emotion. The spring of affection is dry,—love of fellow-men they have not known.

There are five schools in Anadarko for the Indians; two Government and three mission schools. There has been much endeavor on the part of the Government to take from the Catholic schools their children, but the Indians themselves prefer to be taught by the Sisters.

He who the raging flood controls  
Far beyond human ken,  
Surely hath the power supreme to check  
The evil schemes of men.

O may St. Patrick's Mission continue  
to prosper and the good work among  
the poor savages flourish! D. T. M.

#### AN ESSAY ON MUSIC.

BY PROFESSOR D. G. GERRER, O. S. B.

What is music? "It is one of the seven liberal arts; the science of which treats of the properties and relations of sounds and principles of harmony." But who is there that can fathom its depth and in logical words express the effect it has on us? It is in truth, the language of the soul and the expression of the heart, which no more intellectuality is able to comprehend or direct. Therefore, of all the sciences, it truly is the more god-like, the most noble, and the grandest that can be cultivated by man on this earth.

A fine statue or painting is pleasing to the eye, but music of all the arts, is alone capable of entering into the emotions of the soul, and giving harmonious expressions to their lofty aspirations.

As the guardian angel is constantly near us, guiding and protecting us, so music follows man through the various changes of life; from the bright dawn, when the sweet lullaby greets us—to the grave—when friends sing our last sad farewell.